

MARVEL®
1st Sept 90

THE REAL

NO 116 45p

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GH^{OST}BUSTERS™

WAAAAH!

WAAAAH!

WAAAAHH!



WORLD
ANIMAL DAY
COMPETITION
INSIDE!

ISSN 0954-9404



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35

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35



Welcome to Issue one hundred and sixteen of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**, and this week there is a baby story that is guaranteed to *rattle* your nerves. A bouncy baby monster is about to make a *dummy* out of Ray and Winston in **Nursery Nightmare!** If you've ever wondered what entertainment there is in the after-life, you can *come on down* to join Peter as he competes for his life against a Game Show Ghost in **Celebrity Scores!**

For all you animal-lovers out there, we have an opportunity for you to win some cuddly toys in the **World Animal Day Competition!** Apart from all your usual *ectoplasmically exciting* Ghostbusters favourites, there's the final instalment of **Toad Island!** That ought to keep you *rivvit-ed*.

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE



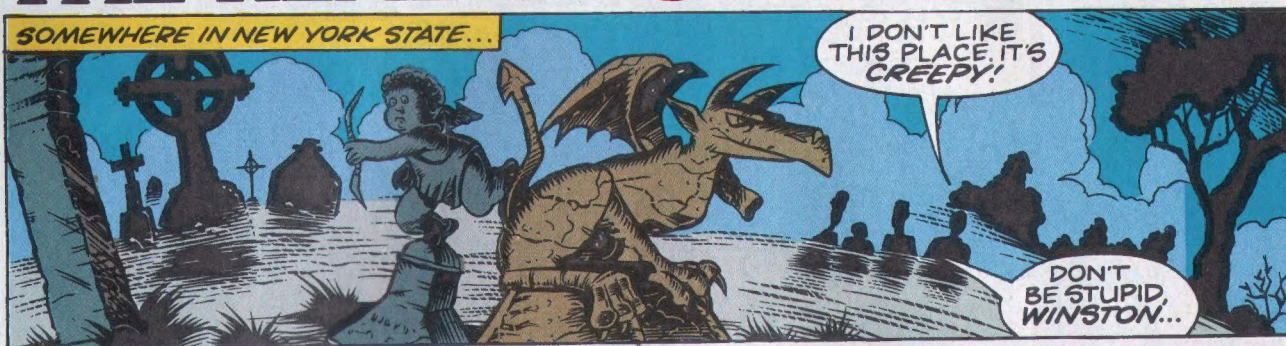
JANINE
MELNITZ



SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

SOMEWHERE IN NEW YORK STATE...



GRAVEYARDS ARE MEANT TO CHILL YOU TO THE BONE!

HA! HA! VERY FUNNY! YOU SOUND LIKE A GAMESHOW HOST, NOT A REAL GHOST-BUSTER!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOT YOU SO SPOOKED! IT'S ONLY A GRAVEYARD!



MEANWHILE, IN THE UNDERWORLD...



CELEBRITY ★SCARES!★

LET'S GIVE A BIG WELCOME TO DR. PETER VENKMAN, OUR VICTIM, I MEAN, CONTESTANT FOR TONIGHT'S SHOW!

WELCOME TO CELEBRITY SCARES, PETER. YOU DON'T MIND IF I CALL YOU PETER, DO YOU?

HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON? WHERE AM I?

WHAT?

RIGHT, ON WITH THE SHOW THEN. LET'S CHOOSE TONIGHT'S DESTROYER!

WHO'S IT GONNA BE... BONE CRUSHER OR DEATH ON TWO WHEELS? IT'S YOUR CHOICE!



**BONE CRUSHER
DEATH! DEATH!
BONE CRUSHER!**



AM I DREAMING OR WHAT?!

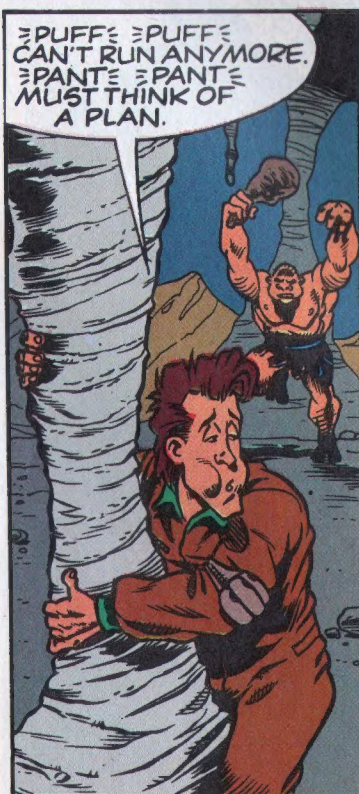
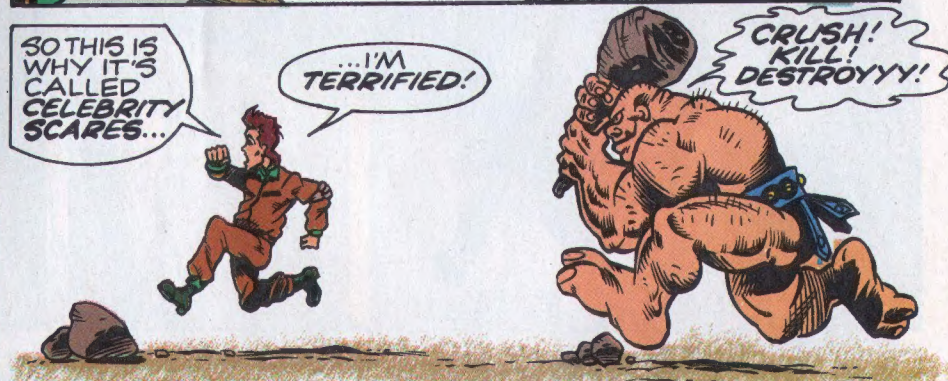
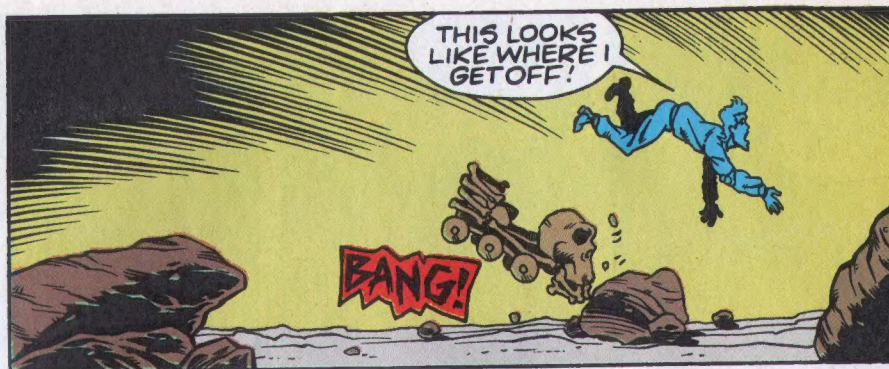


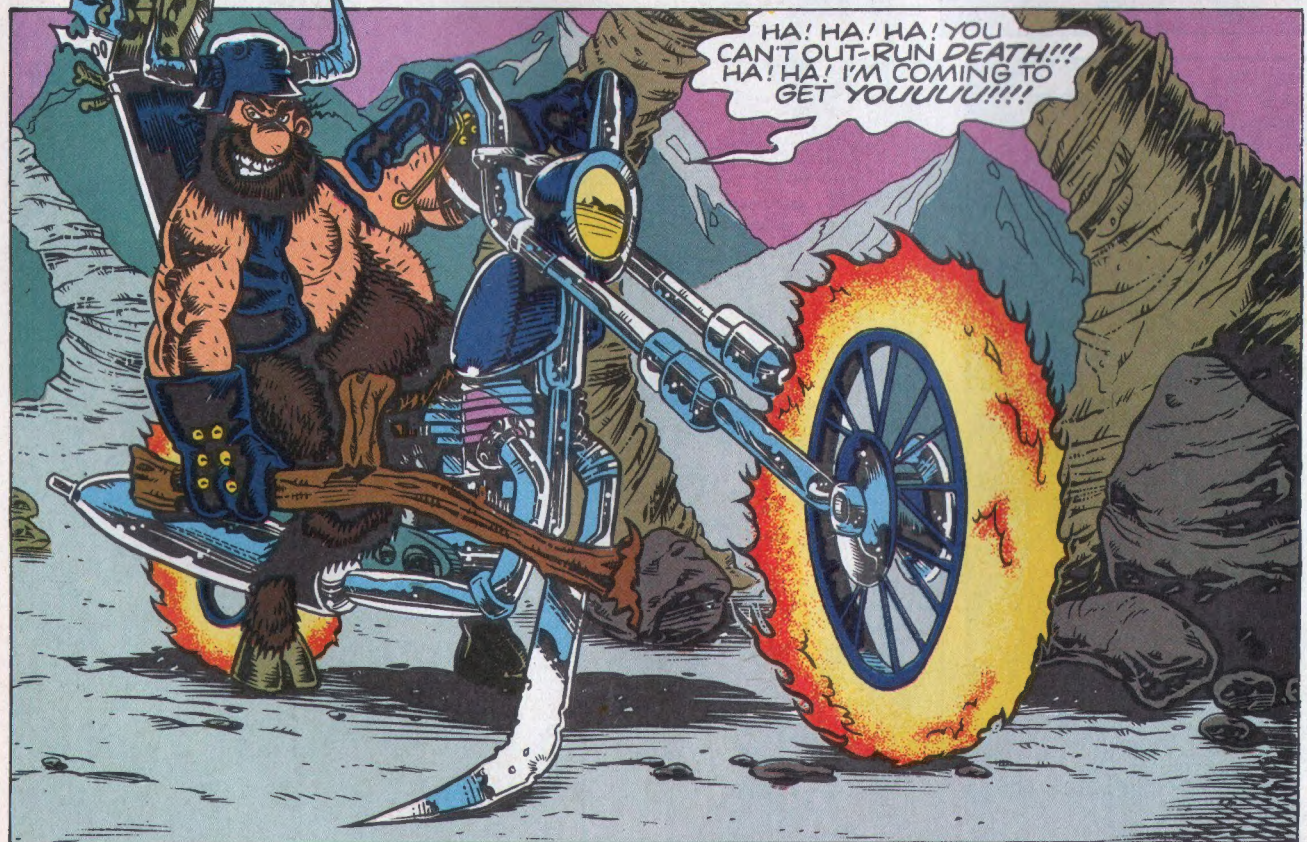
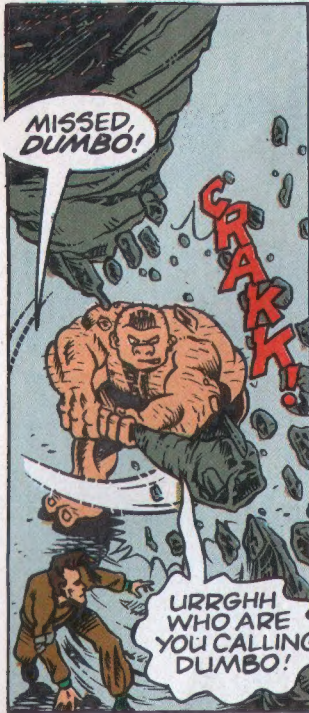
I THINK BONE CRUSHER GETS TO PLAY FIRST. NOW ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS EXPLAIN THE RULES TO OUR CONTESTANT.

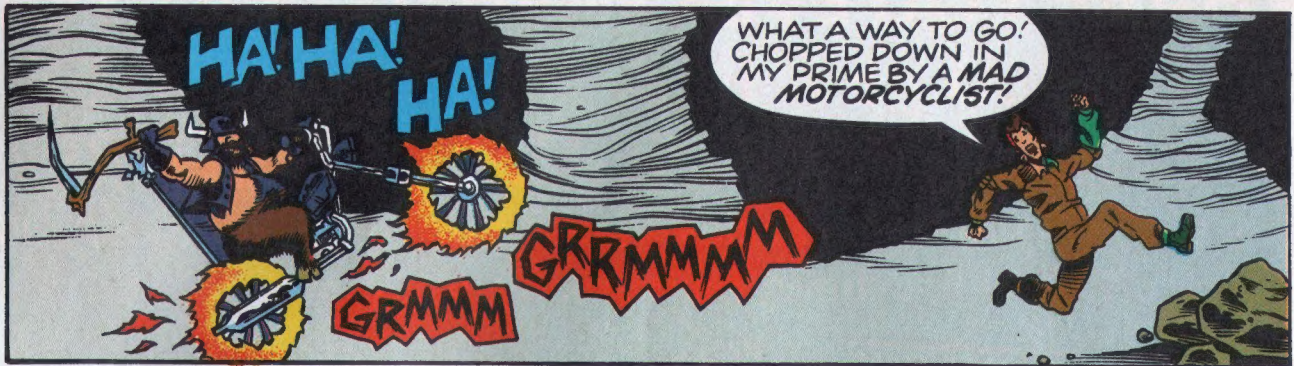


ALL YOU HAVE TO DO, PETER, IS MAKE IT THROUGH THE UNDERWORLD ON FOOT. IF YOU MAKE IT, YOU LIVE. IF YOU DON'T... HA! HA! HA!

APART FROM THAT, THERE ARE NO RULES! HA! HA! HA!

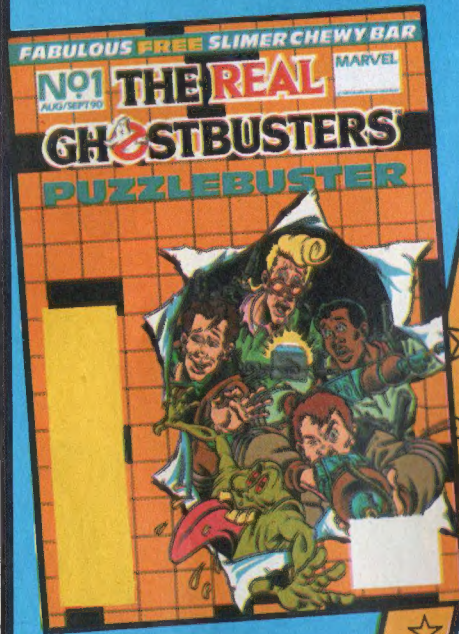






HAVE YOU EVER WISHED THAT YOU COULD BE A **REAL** GHOSTBUSTER AND GO ON A **REAL** ADVENTURE?

Well, now you can – puzzles, mazes, quizzes, adventure PLUS a
FREE Slimer chewy bar to really get your teeth into!



So, you think you're ready to become a Real Ghostbuster! To be a fully-fledged ecto-eliminator, you have to be able to think on your feet and so to develop your spiritual vocabulary, here's a spooky word search for you to complete. All the words hidden in the grid, are listed below. Each word runs either horizontally or vertically and all you have to do is put a ring around each one you find. Your task is to find the five words on the list that are not in the grid.

G	H	O	S	T	B	U	S	T	I	N	G	A
S	Q	P	T	H	A	U	N	T	K	T	E	P
L	T	R	A	P	R	O	T	O	N	O	C	P
I	C	O	N	T	A	I	N	F	D	B	T	A
M	R	S	T	A	Y	P	U	F	T	I	O	R
E	E	P	Z	S	V	E	X	M	W	N	M	I
T	E	E	D	C	A	C	W	A	I	L	O	T
H	P	N	S	R	O	T	J	M	N	P	B	I
E	Y	G	N	E	G	O	N	O	S	P	I	O
R	T	L	I	A	R	P	F	O	T	E	L	N
E	O	E	F	M	E	L	A	N	O	T	E	E
A	M	R	F	Q	J	A	N	I	N	E	B	V
L	B	Y	E	S	U	S	G	U	N	R	A	I
E	N	T	R	A	P	M	E	N	T	C	T	L

GHOSTBUSTING
APPARITION
ENTRAPMENT
SLIME
ECTOPLASM
MR STAY PUFT
ECTOMOBILE
STANTZ
ETHEREAL
CONTAIN
HQ
SNIFFER
EVIL
CREEPY
SPENGLER
ZEDDMORE
RAY
EGON

JANINE
WINSTON
VENKMAN
PETER
PROTON
ZUUL
TOBIN
OGRE
VAMPIRE
GUN
HAUNT
WAIL
FANG
SPECTRAL
TOMB
SCREAM
MOON
BAT
TRAP

If you have found the five red herrings, you can collect your official busting equipment. If you haven't, you need more basic training. Why don't you consult Egon's Guide to All Things Spiritual on page 47?

**FREE
SLIMER
CHEWY
BAR**

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS PUZZLEBUSTER!
ISSUE ONE ON SALE NOW!
BI-MONTHLY FROM MARVEL

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

I first introduced readers to the works of Derek Von Heinekan way, way back in Part nine of the Spirit Guide, when I pointed out that his book on UFO's and the occult was about as welcome and as well-informed as a singing steak-a-gram at a vegetarian picnic. Derek has just published a new book, and I'm pleased to say he's really out-done himself this time.

The Prize is Rites is an in-depth analysis of the inter-relationship between complex parts of popular earth culture (such as Game Shows) and demonic rituals. It also demonstrates how apparently innocuous, though complex, day-to-day happenings (such as Game Shows) have their origins in the rites and practices of the supernatural.

'Why should this be?' asks Derek in the preface to his book. An immediate answer that sprung to my mind was the fact that Derek has done nothing but appear on Game Shows since the UFO book. The answer, according to Von Heinekan, is thus 'Game Shows have a bizarre and insidious way of asserting themselves on the intellect of any who encounter them closely. If you'd said that, you'd have gone home with the pop-up settee, the matching rotavators and the nest of stacking toasters, but bad luck, you



PART 116

didn't, you said 'shut up, Derek' and that's not on the card and I'm very sorry, but we'll have to lose you.'

Derek has lost me all ready, but I pressed on with the book regardless hoping to gather some truth. In Chapter nine, Derek refers us to the Elizabethan Court 'Frolic', a precursor of the modern Game Show, and explains how he feels its presenter, Bryce Forsooth, had introduced occult practices to the proceedings.

The 'Frolic' called 'Ye Blankete Blanke' was, Von Heinekan alleges, based on the summoning back by the Secret Order of the Knights of the Fondue from the ninth Crusade. The Knights Fonduelers first played 'the most complex game in Christendom during the siege of Antioch' writes Von

Heinekan, 'When they had six months to watch a number of Saracens pass across the windows of the fortress and had to remember as many as possible later on. Best of luck then, and Anita will just take Sir Hubert of the Burning Querie away to the sound-proofed siege engine and we'll start the battle'. This game was passed down from generation to generation and therefore became known as 'The Game My Dad Taught Me.' Von D. seems to base the crux of his argument on a passage from Tobin which refers to the Yldammics revelling in 'Game Shows' when they returned to their pits. I am sure that this is rather a reference to the fact that the demons 'showed' each other the prey (prey meaning game that they had caught on their forays). Von D's final proof is in his assertion that when Gozer last materialised on this world he said 'G'nub ksirath ponn!' which the eminent Doctor translates as 'Nice to see you, to see you, nice!'

As I was there, I can verify that what Gozer actually said was 'Marshmallow? Why'd it have to be marshmallow?' A considerable change in meaning, Derek, I'm sure you'll agree. Thank you for playing, and here's your Spengly Speng cheque book and quill.

NURSERY NIGHTMARE!



Story DAN ABNETT Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS

Trouble for Ray, Winston and Egon when Ghostbusting becomes... baby sitting?

The screams were dreadful. They sounded as though someone had scraped a knife across a plate, and even the blaring klaxons of ECTO-1 couldn't drown them out completely.

"I think this is the place," said Winston, gesturing at the run down tenement.

"WAAAGH! WAAGH!" The screams were getting worse.

"Ghostly screaming, strange lights in the sky," nodded Ray, marking off a check list.

"You'd better stay outside Winston. We may need you later for back up." The sky glowed green in agreement.

"A particularly malevolent manifestation of the paranormal," agreed Egon, strapping a Proton Pack on his back and then studying his PKE Meter.

"Hey, you don't need to persuade me to stay in the car," said Winston, "after this morning's slime battle at Macy's, there's no way I want to let that happen to me again in a hurry."

At that, Ray and Egon stepped out into a hot, sweaty New York summer day. The Lower East Side seemed to act as a heat trap, and carrying portable nuclear generators was not an ideal occupation in that kind of weather. But the rent had to be paid, bills settled. Ray sighed. No rest for the wicked.

Down the street, someone had turned on the fire hydrant and water sprayed across the road, to the delight of the gang of kids playing there. They seemed to totally ignore the Real Ghostbusters.

"Hey," said one boy to his brother, "you've seen one ghost bust, you've seen them all." His younger brother, who had never seen a ghost bust, nodded as if he had but watched Ray and Egon enter the tenement anyway.

"Shall we reconnoitre?" asked Egon.

"What?" said Ray.

"Explore, Ray, explore." Egon led the way deeper into the block of flats.

"So you finally got here!" shouted an old man in a string vest, over the stair railings from three floors up. "It's about time! The trouble's up here."

Ray and Egon staggered up the stairwell, which was dark. None of the lights worked and even with Egon's torch, it was difficult to see where they were going.

"How can people live in this?" Ray said.

"The place doesn't look like it's been painted for - yargh!"

Egon grabbed Ray just in time, as he put his foot through a rotten floorboard, pulling his friend up and away from a gaping hole in the stairs. Beneath them there was a crash as the rotted wood hit the floor far below. "This place is a death trap!" Ray exclaimed.

"Ah, there ya are," drawled the string vest man, shaking Egon by the hand. "Well, the baby's in there," he pointed at a room behind him. "Get on with it!"

"The... baby?" said Egon. "No-one mentioned a baby." The three men walked into a bare room. There were no carpets, just floorboards. The only light in the room filtered through boarded up windows and this picked out the pram that rocked in the corner.

"There's yer ghost," said the man, pointing at the pram. "Get to it! We won't get a minute's peace until you do."

"But this is just a baby," said Ray, smiling as he looked into the pram. A pretty little baby looked back and started to giggle. Egon raised his PKE Meter, which started to scream alarmingly as he neared the pram. The baby's eyes started to glow and it's giggling became hideous laughter. "Uh oh", muttered Ray, stepping away from the pram as the baby began to develop tentacles and a large set of teeth. "Egon, I think we're in trouble!"

Tentacles lashed out, frantically trying to grab Ray. He dived to the floor and rolled towards the door. "You've woken it up!"

shouted the man. "Now we're in serious trouble."

"I think we had already ascertained that," murmured Egon.

"He means we knew," Ray explained as he raised his Proton Gun.

"Go for it, Egon!"

"Ray, please don't say that," said Egon, lowering his Proton Gun and looking sternly at his fellow Ghostbuster, "We are involved in the scientific removal of a paranormal incursion here. One does not 'Go For It'. One approaches the situation in a calm, logical way."

"Watch out for those tentacles!" screamed Ray, firing his Proton Gun at the pram. The creature in it, cackled and howled as it lashed out at Egon, knocking him across the room. Ray's beam kept it in check, but the pram itself seemed to now be developing a life of its own, and began to roll towards him. Green and red lights blasted out from the pram, blowing open the boarded up windows. In the street below, the children looked up and squealed in surprise as the whole tenelement was bathed in a strange purple glow. "Wicked" screamed one of them.

"Almost certainly," Winston replied, get-

ting out of ECTO-1.

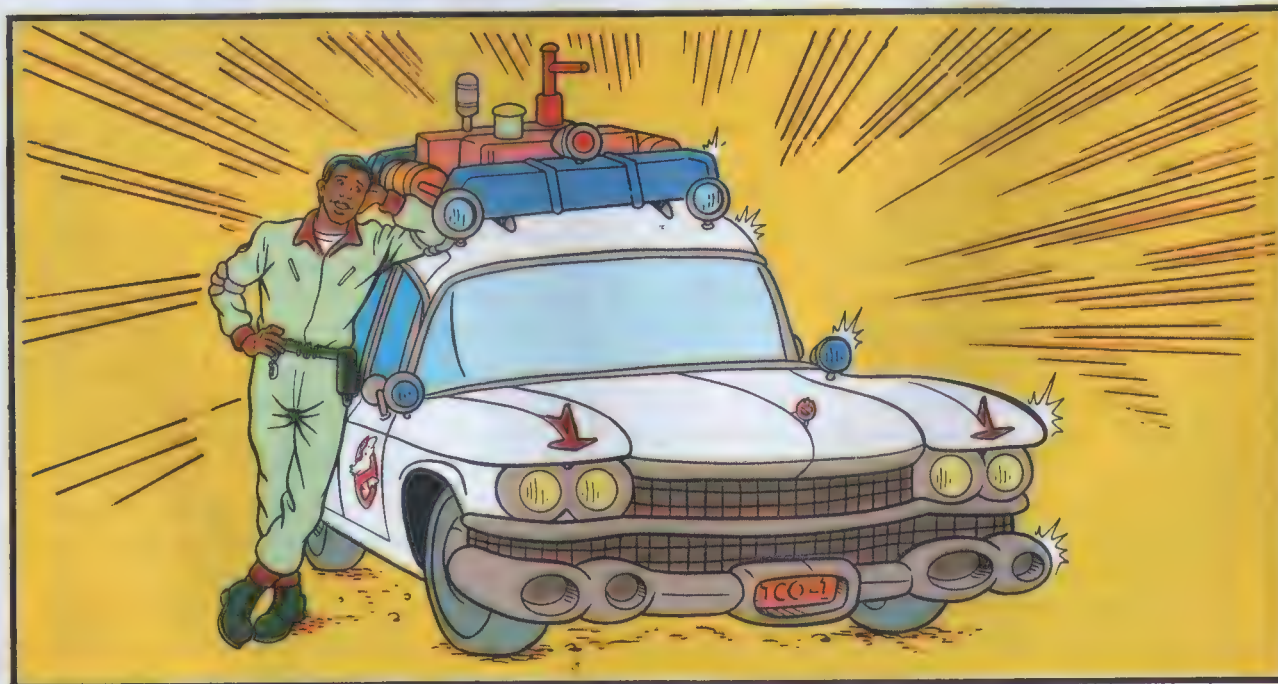
"So much for the quiet life."

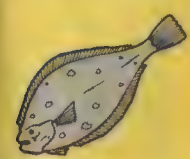
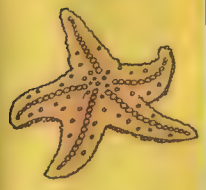
Inside the building, Egon had just thrown a Ghost Trap towards the pram and fired his Proton Gun. The creature in the pram looked up, surprised. "WAAAGH!" it screamed back as it was caught in the Proton beams. it thrashed from side to side, but there was no escape. "We need more power!" shouted Ray.

"Somebody call?" said Winston, leaping through the door, firing his Proton Gun. Under the combined blast of three Proton beams, the 'baby' stood no chance. Within seconds, it dropped into the trap, the menace over.

"Good fer you, bud," said the string vest man, shaking Egon by the hand. "You've made our day, though – now we'll finally get some peace and quiet round here. At least until its mother turns up, anyway."

"Uh oh," said Ray, as a weird vortex of paranormal energy started to fill the room. Winston flicked his Proton Gun on and prepared to capture the mother, too. "Well," he grinned, "at least if we catch her, we won't need to rock that Ghost Trap to sleep!"



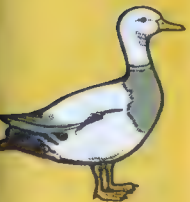


October 4th is **World Animal Day**, and to commemorate this we are giving away **10** cuddly toys. There are **5** Archie the puppy and **5** Purdy the kitten toys to be won, and all you have to do is find all the hidden words in the square below.

World Animal Day commemorates the death of St. Francis of Assisi, founder of the Franciscan Order of monks, who devoted his whole life to the care of animals. On this day people all over the world pay tribute to animals and the role they play in our lives and think deeply about their welfare.

In 1990 in the UK, four of the major dog and cat charities – **Battersea Dog's Home**, **Wood Green Animal Shelters**, **National Canine Defence League** and **Cat Protection League** – have joined forces to launch a rehoming appeal to coincide with **World Animal Day**. The appeal is called '**Give A Pet A Home**'. Between them they found new homes for nearly 90,000 animals last year. The appeal starts in September, and any one who feels they could give a good home to an animal will be encouraged to get in touch with their local shelter.

A free leaflet covering the background to World Animal Day and advice on responsible pet ownership is also available if you send an s.a.e. to: Dept P049, Cronin Courtyard, Corby, Northants NN18 8PS.



G	U	I	N	E	A	P	I	G	H
O	P	A	S	M	Q	O	P	E	R
L	A	B	R	A	D	O	R	R	T
D	F	O	P	N	M	D	A	B	N
F	G	X	C	X	C	L	B	I	P
I	O	E	R	T	Y	E	B	L	A
S	D	R	T	E	R	R	I	E	R
H	A	M	S	T	E	R	T	Y	R
T	O	R	T	O	I	S	E	R	O
S	I	A	M	E	S	E	R	A	T

GOLDFISH
BOXER
MANX
POODLE
RABBIT
GERBIL
PARROT

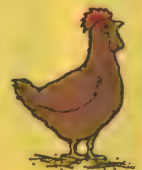
GUINEA PIG
LABRADOR
TERRIER
HAMSTER
TORTOISE
SIAMESE
RAT



Just find the hidden words in the square, then cut it out and send it to:

World Animal Day Competition
The Real Ghostbuster Comic
13/15 Arundel Street
London WC2R 3DX

Entries to arrive no later than
Friday, 14th September 1990



BIGG LES!

This fly-away fiend liked playing games, and his most favourite one was hide-and-seek. Lurking inside the confines of an old aerodrome, he thought he was well and truly safe. And, indeed, he was until The Real Ghostbusters sniffed out his hidey-hole! They forced the spook out into the open by condensing his spirit. However, he was none too pleased with this new game and retaliated by whipping up a whirlwind. One thing was certain, Bigg Les was not going to give up without a fright!

The daredevil demon attached himself to an unsuspecting aeroplane as it took to the air, assuring the passengers of the ride of their lives – this was surely not the kind of in-flight entertainment they'd expected!

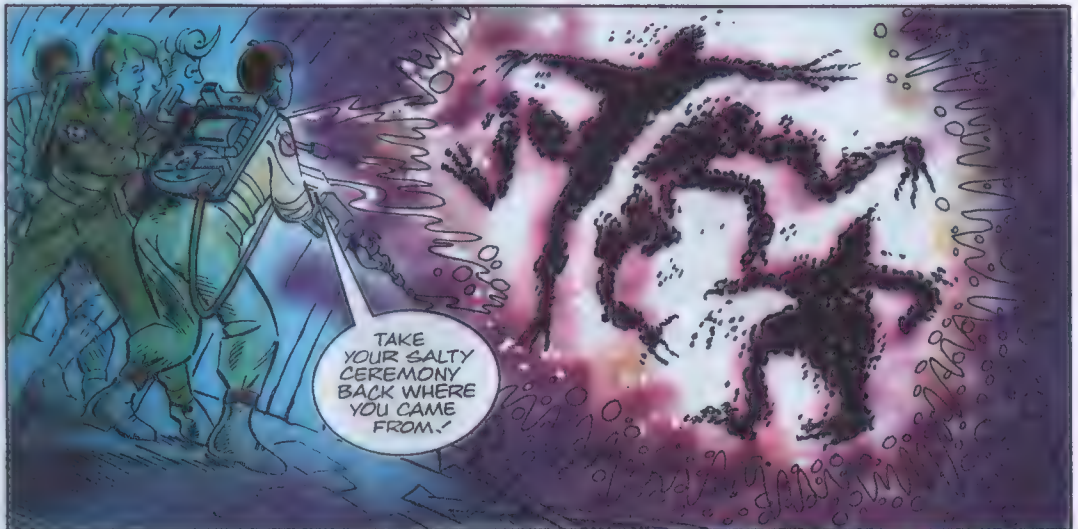
The Real Ghostbusters looked on as Bigg Les soared up and up. The soaring spook was certain to disappear with the passengers and crew into the unknown if they didn't act quick. They took to the skies, and at five-thousand feet, jumped into action, forcing the plane-stealing, hi-jacker back down to earth with a bump – ouch!

Unfortunately for Les, his latest hiding place is for keeps. Yep, he's now safe inside the confines of the Ghost Trap!



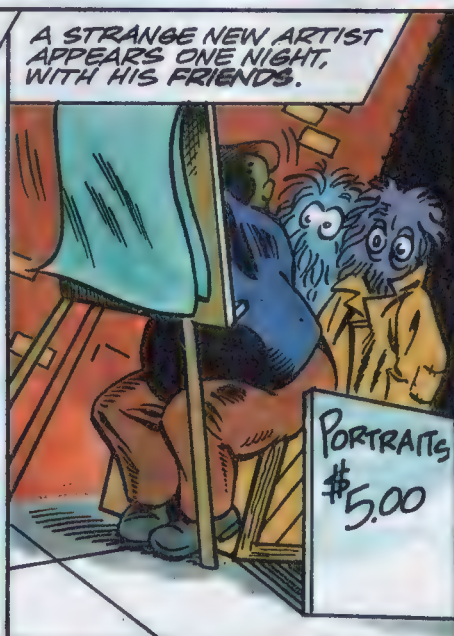
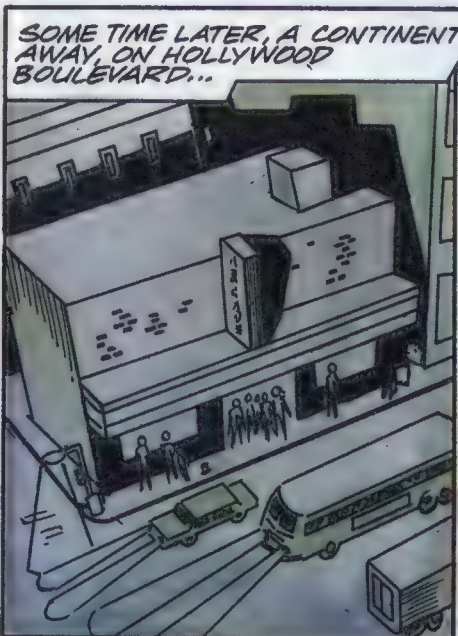
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

Part Five: Janine has been captured and must take part in a bizarre wedding ceremony unless The Real Ghostbusters can rescue her in time.









Hanna-Barbera



NEANDERTHAL
NINCOMPOOPS!



PIC-A-NIC BASKET
PANDEMONIUM!

MONSTER MASHING
MONGRELS!



CARTOON TIME™

(Not to mention the Oxford English Dictionary!)

**24 FULL COLOUR PAGES EVERY
FORTNIGHT!**

MARVEL®



SPECTRAL SPECTRUM PAGE!

LOVELEE
COLOURING-IN
PAGEY-WAGEY!!



GHST WRITING!



Yo! It's your own Uncle Peter V. Here to answer more incredible questions from you incredible people out there!

Dear Peter...

1. What would happen if the Ecto-Containment Unit became over-crowded?
2. In *Ghostbusters*, did the Marshmallow Man get blown up or did he pretend to get blown up?

—Steven Knight, Aberdeen.

1. The ghosts would get pretty squashed. 2. Yep, he got blown up.

Here's some questions for you:

1. What is Egon's mum called?
2. Where did Ray get ECTO-1 from?
3. Does Slimer smell?
4. What was your hardest ghost to bust?

—David Rollins, Garswood.

Howdy, David. 1. Mrs Spengler. What else could it be? 2. Ray

got the Ectomobile from a hospital surplus store. 3. No. Pity really, as it would be another good reason to hate him. 4. Burnadette, the spooky volcano. She was a hard as... well, rock really.

At the beginning of *Ghostbusters II*, you claim to have been out of work for five years, but in the comic you are in work all the time. I do not understand!

—Daniel Cudmore, Stafford.

Thanks for the letter there, Daniel. Admittedly, after we busted Gozer, work was pretty thin on the ground, but who'd have guessed that time would pass so quickly. No, I don't understand either, I'm sure we were working!

I have a few questions that I would like you to answer:

1. How old are you?
2. Are you scared to go the dentist alone?
3. Who is the oldest Ghostbuster?
4. Who is the bravest Ghostbuster?

—Karl Waterman, Stowmarket.

Right then! 1. That's a bit of a personal question, isn't it! Don't you know that it's rude to ask people how old they are? Especially me! 2. Am I ever! I'd rather face ten Marshmallow Men than a lone dentist! 3. There you go again. It's rude, so don't do it again! 4. Me, of course!

1. In Issue twenty-six, why did you cross the streams if it was dangerous in *Blood Bank Bust*!

2. How many watts does a Proton Gun fire?

3. In Issue ninety-seven, why did the children have toys if they preferred to study in *Scary Poppins*?

4. What is the most common ghost in the world?

5. In Issue sixty-one, what kind of spirits were the ghost tourists in *Tourists of Terror*?

6. How many ghosts can one Ghost Trap trap?

7. What kind of ghost is Slimer?

8. In Issue sixty-eight, what kind of a ghost was Sarah Sangster?

—Yuk Yan Fung, Walsall.

1. One of the many ways to vanquish a vampire is to make the sign of the cross, and that is how we managed to beat him. 2. Mega-watts, I can assure you! 3. Well, their parents wanted them to play with normal toys and so they kept buying them in the hope that the children would act like normal kids. 4. Slimer! You can't get much more common than Slimer. 5. Well, the man was obviously a Class two Skeletal Roving Repeater, whereas the woman was a Half Torso Floating Vacation Repeater and a particularly nasty one at that! 6. As I have all ready said, it can hold any number but they would have to be captured in one go. If the Trap was opened to let any more in, it would let the others out! And we couldn't have that, could we? 7. An incredibly greedy one! 8. An incredibly pretty one. Well, that was before we took a spectral photograph of her. Boy, was she ugly!

SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME** Marvel Comics Ltd 13/15 Arundel Street London WC2



When is the vet most busy?
When it rains cats and dogs!

Why was nine scared of seven?
Because seven eight nine!
– Barry Robertson, Ayrshire

What is Slimer's favourite football team?
Aston Vanilla!
– Matthew Jones, Clwyd

What do you call a sleeping bull?
A bull-dozer!
– Lewis Watts, Norfolk

How does a witch tell the time?
With a witch watch!

What do ghosts love to eat for dessert?
Boo-berry pie!
– Neil Cole, W. Midlands

How do you catch a squirrel?
Act like a nut!

What's green and wears a cap?
A boy sprout!
– Ros Corbett, Shropshire



Make sure that you get your copy of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** every week! With your parents permission, fill in the order coupon with your name and address and hand it to your newsagent, telling him whether you want your copy reserved for collection or delivered to your door.

To my newsagent:
Please reserve me a copy of Marvel's **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** comic every week. Reserve it for collection*/ Deliver it with our regular paper order*

*Delete as applicable.

NAME
ADDRESS

SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN

DEAD TRUE!



here is a school in Dorset, which emits a sound like a gong being struck. Now, what's so strange about the noise is the fact that there are no instruments of this description in the school grounds!

It all began one Saturday afternoon when peculiar noises interrupted a football match that a group of boys were playing. So much so, that they decided to abandon the game in search of the mysterious sound. Their curiosity led them to the nearby church, where a congregation sang hymns, followed by the voice of someone preaching. One schoolboy, however, had a gut feeling that something was not quite right – he was sure that the service wasn't for at least another hour! He left the group and peeked around the large, arched, wooden doors, and to his horror

discovered that the pews were completely empty.

About an hour later, another of the boys entered the school building to get a pencil. The sight that greeted him sent a tingling sensation throughout his body. Lying across the desk tops was a coffin, just six feet from where he stood. Startled by the eerie sight, the lad let out a piercing cry. The rest of the children dashed towards the classroom, and crowded into the doorway. Straining to see inside, they couldn't believe their eyes as they recognised a former schoolmate who had died several weeks earlier. The body lay before them, a startled expression on its features.

The boys ran home as fast as they could to tell of the strange sights they had witnessed. The headmaster of the school later questioned the boys individually. He had detected a strange aura about the

school in recent weeks and somehow sensed that the boys' ghostly recollections were genuine. Furthermore, one of the children had only just joined the school and obviously had no knowledge as to what the boy looked like. Yet, his description of the deceased, and his coffin, was unmistakably accurate – he even told of a white bandage that had been placed on the young lad's hand shortly before he died.

The question in everybody's mind was, 'why had he returned?' It later transpired that the young lad's body had been discovered in a nearby field – a black cloth secured around his neck. He had been an epileptic and had suffered from fits, but the choking that the boy had died from was surely enforced? One thing was certain – he had not been able to rest in peace!



FOOD FREAKS!

IN JUST 7 DAYS

BLIMEY!
IT'S...

SLIMER



SLIMER IS VISITING DOCTOR PROCTOR AGAIN...

WELL, SLIMER, WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE THIS TIME?

FICK PHYSICIAN!



DON'T READ THIS SIGN!

OR THIS ONE!

WELL, DOC, SLIMER FEELING A BITTY UNDER THE WEATHER

YUP!

S'TRUE!

GOB SMACKERED!



WHO DAT?



BAMBOS!